



A

FOUR MONTHS TOUR

THROUGH FRANCE



Entered at Stationer's Hall.

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V O L . II.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR G. KEARSLEY, No. 46,
FLEET-STREET.

MDCCLXXVI.

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MDCCLXXVI.

LETTER XVII.

Lyons, June 24th, 1775.

DEAR SIR,

ALL this day I have been on the
ramble, to take a view of the
buildings, streets, bridges, rivers,
walks, &c. of this opulent city. My
head is a little confused with the vari-
ety, and I can only talk to you of its

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B

beauty

beauty in general; which has struck me so much that, were beauty of situation the only thing to be considered, Lyons would be the town, wherein I should choose to reside, beyond any other I have ever seen. In my opinion the much-vaunted city of Paris suffers by being put in comparison with it. The streets here are neat and clean; and the buildings on each side, tho' not so high, nor so numerous, are superior to those of that metropolis in their structure. The oozy god of the Seine must hide his head, when those of the Soane and Rhone appear, as must the nymphs of its banks, when

such divinities, as I have seen this day, display their charms. Here is a superiority that I think cannot fail of striking a foreigner; for I verily believe, one quarter of Lyons contains more beautiful women, than all Paris can produce. Perhaps the time of my being here, has not been a little favourable to this opinion, as I came at the *Fete de Dieu* and the *rejouissance* for the coronation of the King: when the various processions, spectacles, &c. drew every one into view, dressed in the most splendid manner their circumstances would afford. The sun here makes it necessary, for the women to carry *pa-*

parasols, to preserve their beauty, which approaches the nearest to that of our unrivalled countrywomen of any I have yet seen in this kingdom.

As these *parasols* are made of silk of various colours (very cheap here) and have a shining appearance from the reflection of the rays; they produce, when mixed with the gaudy dresses of the walkers, the most pleasing effect that can be conceived. Even the hackney-coaches come in for their share of superiority, and are in general almost as good as those of London, saving that they are a little more unwieldy; whilst the *fiacres* of Paris are
only

only fit to carry what is swept from the streets, and are filled with bugs, vermin, and all kinds of filth.

I need not tell you that the principal manufacture of Lyons is silk : I might say the entire, for at every tenth house you may see a sign notifying that there is a *fabrique de soye* there. As yet I have not seen a ragged person, nor met any beggars in the streets. Every one may find some employment if he will : and if he is known to be idle, or is found asking alms in the streets, he is led to the *Charité*, where his wants are enquired into and relieved, and tasks proportioned to his capacity

capacity assigned by the society, appointed to inspect such affairs.

It is really astonishing, that the projecting heads of the British nation have never been able, to hit upon a scheme, to relieve distress and purge the streets of our metropolis, of those pests that infest them. A man cannot stir outside his door, without having his eyes shocked by the exposition of human misery, and that not only real, but pretended—he must be obliged to look on fictitious ulcers; squalid deformities, and the whole train of walking diseases, without being able to distinguish the impostor, from the real sufferer

ferer whose misfortunes he would wish to alleviate. A foreigner might imagine the English a very insensible nation ; and that no one's feelings were affected by such sights ; as they might certainly, by proper regulations, be removed. You may say, that we have workhouses, and receptacles appointed for the poor—So we have, I confess—but my good friend—these are places, which, as they are at present managed, I cannot think of but with indignation—abominable dens—where distress is delivered up to avarice, rapacity, and inhumanity. I could wish that a brand was put in
some

some honest hand, to set fire to every house of that denomination in the kingdom. It is no wonder, that many people who are not idly inclined, had rather endure the inclemencies of the weather, and starve in the streets, than yield themselves up to the brutality and villainy of overseers and farmers of the poor. What strange policy have we got, that every thing with us, even to misery, must be farmed; and that all public institutions, instead of being governed by societies, should be trusted to the folly and caprice of individuals? Enquire into the management of any of those houses, and you will

you will execrate them, as much as I do. Fancy a constable or any other person bringing a number of poor, to one of those farmers that contract for them, and addressing him to this purpose: “ Here are a number of wretches
 “ under the lash of misfortune, and
 “ poverty—take them under your’s—
 “ the parish thinks the best way to
 “ save expence and trouble, is to allow
 “ you a certain price per head for
 “ their maintenance; what you can
 “ gain by their labours, as they are
 “ your slaves; or what you can save,
 “ by sustaining them on less, than is
 “ allotted, shall be your profit and
 Vol. II. C “ pay

“pay for taking them.” Heavens !
 that such a practice as this should be
 common in England ; and that any
 human beings, whose only crime may
 be their poverty, should be delivered
 up into the power of an ignorant indi-
 vidual, who may prove a brutal tyrant,
 against whom it is in vain to apply for
 redress, who may add insults and
 cruelty to the poignancy of misery,
 and sport with their lives and liberty,
 to gratify his avarice, rapacity, or in-
 humanity. I was told not many
 months since, when in London, that
 a farmer of this kind had amassed a
 large fortune, by feeding those who
 had

had been so unhappy as to fall into his clutches, on rotten provisions, and the refuse of markets. In government the English are very cautious of trusting power in the hands of one man, but seem to think, that every individual, beneath a King, cannot abuse it. I beg pardon for strolling in this manner over our workhouses, when I should be in the streets of Lyons : but I cannot help railing at my countrymen, when I see any thing better conducted, here, than at home, without any superior advantages ; nor bear that our neighbours should, in any respect, be wiser than we are. I am got so far out

of my way, that 'tis too late to return,
 so will e'en conclude this day's pere-
 grination where I am.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

Lyons, June 25th, 1775.

DEAR SIR,

I WAS roused this morning, about four o'clock, by the braying of asses, and a busy hum of people; and on looking into the street saw it filled with peasants, and baskets filled with fruits of different kinds, and the produce of the garden. Not being in a humour to return to bed, I took a walk to the *Chartreux* convent, to have a view of Lyons and its environs. In
every

every point of view this town is extremely beautiful ; and I believe few can boast two such rivers as the Rhone and the Soane. The weather was very clear, so that I had, for the first time, a view of the chain of the mountains of Savoy, and those immense boundaries, so famous in history, the Alps. At the convent I was fortunate enough to meet with one of the fraternity, who led me through every part that was worthy to be shewn. The reverend fathers of this order are habited in white flannel, or baize garments, that reach down to the ground : their heads are close shaved, and their appearance altogether

altogether is not unlike that, of persons going into a public bath. They are esteemed rich; and their manner of living seems more comfortable, than that of any other order. Every one has his separate rooms, which consist, if I may judge by those I saw, of two large parlours, a study, a dormitory, and a closet. Besides those, every one has his garden, which is stocked with fruit, and whatever vegetables they like. They have no windows towards the cloisters, so that all their apartments look into their little plantations, except a small wicket, where their dinners or suppers, which always consist of fish, dressed in various

various manners, are received: The father, who was so kind as to show me his habitation, seemed to have taken great delight in multiplying swarms of bees, of which he had a great number; and the principal, or almost only vegetable in his garden, except trees, was thyme, which I suppose he intended for their labours. Was I to be a Monk, I would be a Carthusian.

The country around has the appearance of fertility, and the *Lyonnois* seem to have no reason, to charge nature with being a niggard, in the distribution of her bounties. Was it not for the fogs, which frequently cover this city,
I should

I should think it almost impossible, that any other in the world, can be a more delightful and alluring place of residence. Read the following latin verses of a very celebrated writer, and you will there see, that I bestow no encomiums on it, that have not the testimony of far greater authority.

*Flumineis Rhodanus qua se fugat incitus undis,
Quaque pigro dubitat flumine mitis Arar,
Lugdunam jacet ; antiquo novus orbis in orbe,
Lugdunumque vetus orbis in orbe novo.
Quod nolis, alibi quæras ; hic quære quod optas ;
Aut hic, aut nusquam, vincere vota potes.
Lugduni, quodcunque potest dare mundus, habebit ;
Plura petas, hæc urbs, & tibi plura dabit.*

Mr. —, tho' generally alert and on the wing, when any curiosity is to be seen, or any useful intelligence got; was so lazy in the morning, as to suffer me to take my ramble alone. However, in the afternoon, we sallied forth as usual together, and visited the *Hotel Dieu*. This hospital is perhaps the neatest and best-regulated in the world. Every apartment is so clean, that every chair, table, and board shines like a polished piece of marble. Women, of what religious order I now forget, are employed in preparing the medicines prescribed, and in attending on the sick. The only fault I could find was, that

that the cells appointed for the insane, are exposed to public curiosity. I am glad that this practice, which is by no means a humane one, is now abolished in London. There are but too many unfeeling brutes I fear in the world, who can not only look unmoved on the misery of such unhappy wretches; but even take a pleasure, in increasing their ravings, by savage insult and cruel mockery.

As I am now returned from the theatre, I hope to finish this letter with an account of what little I know of it, before our supper comes up. I am rather out of humour with myself, as I

imagine I have this evening been made a dupe, and have thrown away some livres, without any credit to my intentions or generosity. I will tell you what I mean. Perhaps my judgment is premature; however if I find reason to alter it, I will inform you, when I write again. Two gentlemen, with whom I happened to fall in company, and of whom I was enquiring, at dinner this afternoon, the part of the town where the theatre lay, offered to accompany me there. As Mr. — was indisposed, and they both seemed to be persons with whom I might not be ashamed to be seen, I gladly accepted
their

their proposal. A fiacre was called, and they gave the coachman his orders. When it stopt at that part of the house where the tickets are given out, *Forignan*, which was the name of our *laquais de louage* whom we had hired, opened the door, and I gave him a Louis that he might bring me one. The fellow stopped, and expected my two companions to give him money likewise for the same purpose; but as they gave him none, he turned to me, and asked how many he should get. I did not know what to say, for I should have thought that an offer to treat them would be taken as an affront;

front; but they saved me the trouble of answer, and very readily bade him bring three. The tickets were accordingly brought; the coachman discharged; and the small remainder of the Louis given me, without their making the least apology for the liberty they had taken with my purse, or offering to pay a single sou. Perhaps they thought their company was worth being paid for—Well, much good may the entertainment, my money has given, do them. I am sure, an Englishman would as soon think of making the man in the moon treat him to a play or an opera as a Frenchman in London.

I have

I have since asked *Forignan*, whether it is usual here, for foreigners to treat those, with whom they visit public spectacles: but he tells me no. "How came it then (said I) that those with whom we went this evening, paid for themselves, out of my money without invitation?" He answered me with a shrug of the shoulders, and said smiling, *Ob Monsieur! les Anglois sont bien riches*—A very good apology for them, thought I—but I shall take care for the future, as I am far from being one of the *bien riches*, with what company I go again to public diversions.

The

The inside of the theatre is of the same form as that of Paris, only that it is less, and has but three rows of boxes. These are not so often hired by particular persons for the year, which gives them the superiority; for they are not so often empty, when the other parts of the house are crowded. Lyons is the nursery of the French theatre; and is continually sending some of her best actors, to exhibit their abilities before the nicer criticks of the metropolis. It has lately produced *La Rive*, who commands almost as warm shouts of applause, from a Parisian

filian as *Garrick* from a London audience. Between the play and entertainment, it seems to be the custom to adjourn to a neighbouring walk for about a quarter of an hour ; and this may be done, without fear of any insolence from coachmen, chairmen, or pickpockets, either in going or returning. The singer that gained the greatest applause here, I am persuaded would be hissed in England ; as his voice was execrable, his manner vulgar, and his cadences the most injudicious and ill-executed, I ever heard : but of the females, there was one,

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who

who I believe would not want plaudits
in any theatre in Europe.

I am, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XIX.

Lyons, June 26th, 1775.

AS this day is Sunday, I have been looking into some of the churches. The numerous vestiges of antiquity, that remain scattered here and there in them, would fill a volume to describe: but do not imagine, that I am going to undertake such a task, when I want three very essential things towards performing it — time, inclination, and abilities. I can

be dull enough undesignedly, so that I surely need not take pains to be more so.

In the church of *Le Trinite* lies *Simon Marguemot*, who raised Paris to an archbishoprick; and whom I mention on account of a curious letter, written to him by *Cardinal Richlieu*. This prelate was noticed for his extraordinary abilities by Henry the Fourth, and sent to treat with Pope Paul the Fifth, on the affairs of the *Valteline*. During his residence at Rome, he was won over to the opinion of the Pope, and writ a letter to the Cardinal, who became minister in his absence, advising him,

him, to be cautious of provoking the Italians and Spaniards; and that it would be better to listen to their conditions. The following was the laconic answer which he received: *Le Roi a changé de conseil, & le conseil de maximes. On enverra une armée dans la Val-teline, qui rendra le Pape plus facile, & nous fera avoir raison des Espagnols.* His endeavours however to persuade the Pope, to establish an archbishoprick at Paris, were not so ineffectual, as those he used to persuade his master's minister to concession; but he could not exalt it above that of Lyons, which still ranks as first in the kingdom.

In

In the church of St. Pierre lies *St. Ennemond*, of whose death they relate some curious stories, that are swallowed by all the children and credulous fanatics that hear of his name. As this prelate was accused to *Clovis* of treason; the King sent a guard to conduct him to Orleans, that he might be tried: but this guard, which was composed of his enemies, fearing his innocence would appear too clearly for their wishes or perhaps safety, murdered him at Chalons. So far what they say may be true; but how he came to be buried at St. Pierre, is the extraordinary part of their tale. They

tell you, that after he was slain, his body was exposed in an open boat on the Soane ; and that whilst a croud of people were standing on the banks to view it, two pillars of fire started up one at his head, and the other at his feet ; on which the boat rushed from the shore like a rocket, and directed itself towards Lyons with vast rapidity. Such an extraordinary sight could not fail of drawing all that city to view it. Prayers were offered to it by all the religious orders assembled. But it continued its course, till it came opposite to the abby of *St. Pierre*, where it made a full stop ; and when *Petronille* and

Lucie,

Lucia, two of that prelate's sisters, appeared; it instantly turned to the bank, and the two pillars of fire advanced to the place where he lies, and then disappeared. As this was interpreted to be an indication of the spot, where they should inter him, it was accordingly followed: and as he was afterwards canonized, his spirit has remained very quiet ever since.

The church of *St. Stephen*, or *St. John*, which is its present name, ranks above all the others in point of antiquity. It is built on the remains of a temple, dedicated to *Augustus*: and the structure, tho' simple, is reckoned equal

equal to any in France. The canons were instituted by *Leydrade* in the seventh century ; and all take the title of Counts. Pope Martin afterwards obliged every one, who offered himself a candidate for this honour, to prove his nobility, both on the father's and mother's side, for four hundred years. They wear an enamelled cross from the neck by a broad red ribbon ; and have the privilege of officiating with a mitre on their heads. Their number is thirty-two ; and they boast of having the King at the head of it. I have since found, that the Canon, by whom we were much entertained in

the *diligence d'eau*, was a Count of this order. There are various peculiarities, as I am informed, in the ceremonies and rites of this church: but as I am unacquainted with those used in the Romish worship, I could not be made to understand what they were. It is said to stick to all old forms, to use the Gregorian plain chant, and in every thing to be *nescia novitatis*: but what those old forms are, it is out of my power to inform you.

To-morrow we shall quit this beautiful city, and take boat on the Rhone for Avignon.

LETTER

LETTER XX.

Avignon, June 28th, 1775.

— — ,

ADIEU Lyons, qui ne mords point
 Lyon plus doux que cent pucelles :
 Sinon quand l'ennemi te point,
 Alors ta fureur point ne celles.

*Adieu aussi a toutes celles,
 Qui embellissent ton séjour ;
 Adieu faces belles, & claires !
 Adieu, vous dis, comme le jour.*

*Adieu cité de grand valeur ;
 Et citoyens que j'aime bien :
 Dieu vous donne fortune, & l'heur,
 Meilleur que n'a été le mien.*

*J'ai reçu de vous tant de bien,
 Du plaisir, & tant de bonté
 Que volontiers dirois combien ;
 Mais, il ne peut être compté.*

Excuse me for singing a farewell to
 Lyons, which pleased me so much,
 and which I left with regret. The
 composition, indeed, is not very ele-
 gant, but it has antiquity to boast;
 and

and you may take it in another shape if you please, as a specimen of French poetry more than two hundred years old, for so long has the author, a native of that city, been dead.

I imagine we shall be more than satisfied, before we reach *Toulouse*, with travelling by the *voitures d'eau*. You may see by this, that we are not so well pleased with the expedition on the Rhone, as on the Soane. Not that the prospects or the company have been less entertaining, but the auberges were so detestable, that we could not get into bed, without apprehensions of being devoured by vermin. The boat

also was not so well fitted up as the other; for by carrying commodities of different kinds, it was dirty, and furnished a compound of villainous smell, by no means agreeable to the human nostril. But this last inconvenience was easily remedied, or rather avoided; by sitting on the top; which is certainly the best situation for those, who would be acquainted with the appearance of the country.

The breadth of the Rhone, so famous in history, did not come up to my expectations: as I had figured to myself an enormous whole, from its confluence with such a river as the

Soane.

Soane. But its swiftness, which is such, as to take off the necessity of using sails, oars, or horses, greatly outstripped them. Near the banks, for some way after you have left Lyons, there are a number of mills erected; which turn with as great rapidity, as those driven by water descending from a sluice. The prospect, for the most part, is striking and romantic. On each side the view is bounded by huge rocks, and mountains that lift their tops to the clouds; on some of which you often see the ruins of castles, towns, or antient fortresses. These rocks and mountains are generally bare
of

of trees, shrubs, or any green thing, towards their summits; but their bases are skirted with vines, extended along the banks of the river. Numberless are the ruins of bridges, which time and the impetuosity of the stream have destroyed; and many are the fragments of antiquity, that present themselves on all sides. Even the towns and buildings that are habitable, have an uncommon appearance; and are such, as one's fancy often pictures, in reading romances, and in travelling with knights-errant through the habitations of necromancers, giants, and magicians. The largest of the towns is *Vienne*:
which

which with its turrets stretches itself with the course of the river. This place is said to have been formerly the residence of the Princes of the country; and they relate, that one of them, named *Humbert Dauphin*, as he was playing with his only son, at one of the windows of his palace, had the misfortune to let it fall out of his arms, into the Rhone that flowed under them. The child was swept away by the rapidity of the stream; and the father, inconsolable under his loss, yielded up Dauphiné to *Philip de Valois*; on condition that the presumptive heir to the crown, should ever bear the

name of Dauphin, and retired in solitude to brood over his misfortunes.

Before we reached the bridge of *St. Esprit*, every one was talking of the danger of passing through its arches; as the water, being obstructed in its course, forms a fall on the opposite side, that has been often fatal to unskilful boatmen. This bridge is very much celebrated for its structure, and not perhaps without reason: for tho' it is built over a river so prodigiously rapid as the Rhone, it is the lightest I ever saw. The piers are remarkably thin, but are raised with compact materials: and by making a less resistance to the
D
current,

current, may stand the attacks of floods much better than the massy and more substantial. I know not what the fall, which had filled our female fellow-travellers with such dreadful apprehensions, may be on a sudden inundation: but I am sure a Thames waterman, who had shot London-bridge, (as I think their phrase is,) would have laughed at shooting this, in such a boat as ours.

We are now in the dominions of his Holiness the Pope; and no sooner arrived than a voiture is hired to quit them. But I must hasten to conclude, and attend some of our fellow-travel-

lers, who have sent, to let us know,
they wait to conduct and show us the
town. If I see any thing worth re-
marking, it must serve for another
letter.

Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER XXI.

Aix, June 30th, 1775.

I HAVE little to say of *Avignon*; as the time, I staid there, would permit me to enquire but little about it. I believe there was no part that I did not ramble through; but I do not remember, that I saw any thing different from any other town of France. Its principal beauty is the appearance it makes, when viewed from that part of the Rhone where we landed, where
the

the *tout ensemble* of the walls, spires, turrets, and houses, forms an object that may be often viewed with pleasure. As for the palace of the Pope, it is at present a most filthy, drear, and dark mansion, built on a bed of rocks; and has more the look of a prison, than of any other habitation. The apartments within are occupied by different persons; and convey no idea either of former or present grandeur. It is said, that as Avignon abounds with refugees, strangers, unless very well recommended, will meet but a cold reception from the inhabitants,

tants: by being supposed to be of that wandering order.

I was much better pleased with the country around, than with Avignon itself. The olive-yards were a new scene; and interspersed with corn-fields, formed, in my opinion, a much more agreeable prospect, than a country covered entirely with vines, without inclosures or trees. We were apprehensive this morning of losing our breakfast, as we had not taken care to provide ourselves with any eatable, in this new kind of vehicle which we have now hired: and in travelling from four o'clock in the morning, I assure

you, our appetites were so whetted, that we could not patiently wait, till we reached the place where we were to dine. Nothing could be procured, for a long time, at any house on the road, but rusty bacon, which we were not so ravenous as to devour: but at last an old woman brought us a plate of large figs, on which, with a bottle of wine, we made an excellent repast. Every kind of fruit I find is very cheap in this country: for we soon after met a pretty *payfanne* on the road, who asked us but a halfpenny English for thirty fine apricots. Had she asked half a louis, I had been less surprized; but

but I did not know their plenty. We had some sous more than her demand, which we threw into her basket. The girl smiled surprize and gratitude; and made the driver pull off his hat, which she heaped with fruit, in spite of all the fellow could do to hinder her. She seemed to think, she had been well paid for what she gave him: and to take this method of expressing her thanks.

As you approach Aix, the country throws off its pleasing appearance, and for many miles presents nothing but blue gloomy rocks, that are sometimes naked, and sometimes have a weather-

beaten tree scattered here and there. A Salvator Rosa might have gazed on them with pleasure; and have taken sketches that might not have fallen beneath the wildness of his imagination.

I think we are now in the regions of flies, bugs, and beetles: every place swarms with these importunate, troublesome vermin. Not a night has there been, since we left Paris, that one or both of us have not slept on the floor; for fear of being attacked by those legions, that lie in ambush amidst the crevices of the beds, and only wait for our sleep, to make their attack. Our custom is, to draw off the upper
matrafs

matrafs with the fheet and bolfter on it, into the middle of the room; and by this means we often efcape annoyance, except it be from a ftaggler who has rambled from the main body. We are told that fcorpions are alfo very plenty; but as yet we have been fo fortunate, as not to meet with any: perhaps owing to our avoiding ground-floors, which they principally infest. Yefterday morning I thought I felt one in bed with me; but it proved to be only one of thofe large beetles, which are common here. As the fcorpion's fting is poisonous, it is not very pleafing to think, that thefe reptiles will

crawl into our beds, and are prowling about on the floors in the night, when it is on the floor that we sleep. Don't you lament our hard lot, to be so har-
 rassed, as not to be suffered to sleep without terrors of the bugs in bed, nor of the scorpions out of it? Mr. —, thinking I suppose of two evils to choose the least, ventured one night into a bed: but was so rudely attacked, that in the morning about four o'clock, when he rose, his eyes were almost closed up, and his face seemed as if he had been under discipline at *Hockley in the Hole*. It is a strange custom which they have in these parts, where

where the heat is often very troublesome, to hang their rooms with a kind of dark rug, or, as they may call it, tapestry: for it has a dirty look, and only serves to encrease the warmth of them, and to furnish hives, and nurseries for those detestable vermin that have put us in such terrors.

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

Marfeilles, July 3d, 1775.

INSTEAD of crossing the Rhone from Avignon, towards the canal of Languedoc, we have turned a little out of our way, to see the antient city of Marfeilles. I was not willing to miss an opportunity of delivering a recommendatory letter, which I had to the *Chevalier De La Chicke*, the Engineer in chief; who has treated us, during our stay here, with the greatest

greatest civility and politeness, and has kindly been our conductor to every thing worthy of curiosity.

Marseilles in beauty has little to boast: but much in respect to its situation for commerce, and the antiquity of its foundation, which is said to have been laid in the time of *Tarquinius Priscus*. As you approach it, the *Bastides*, which are behind, have an uncommon appearance, and look like another city, built of straggling houses. These *Bastides* are little pleasure-boxes; which cover the country for some miles square. Every citizen, almost to the rank of a cobbler, has his *Bastide*; where,

where, after the labours of the day, he retires and spends the evening with his family. The space, that each of these little retirements takes up, is very confined. A little house with a garden of about thirty yards square, filled with fig-trees, olives, and vines, is I believe their common extent. Behind the walls of one garden begins another, which belongs to another citizen; and continued on, in every plot of the compass I have mentioned, is a house and a garden; so that the *Bastides* may be said to be *rus in urbe*, and *urbs in rure*.

The

The streets here are crowded with people of different nations, a most extensive trade being carried on with the Levant, and with most countries of the world. On the quay there is an extended row of little shops; where the galley-slaves are permitted to carry on their different crafts and trades. Some of these wretches are permitted to traverse the town, but the greater number are chained by the leg, to the places where they work. In general they do not want employment; and the money they earn, serves them to buy snuff, tobacco, and some petty luxuries which would not otherwise be

allowed them, in their state of punishment. Since the plague, which swept away such a multitude of the inhabitants of this town, in the year 1720, the *Marseillois* are very cautious of admitting any vessel from the Levant, without a strict quarantine; and every letter is dipped, or sprinkled with vinegar, before delivered. From the villainous custom they have here, of emptying, in the night, all the filth of the houses into the streets; I should imagine, were it dubious, whence the infection came, that the dreadful destroyer of mankind was generated among themselves. It is impossible to
 walk

walk out in the morning, without being almost poisoned with stench of all kinds: and the volatile effluvia, which are subtilized by the sun, and contaminate the atmosphere, seem capable of producing a continual pestilence. A man who walks the streets at any late hour, runs the hazard of being deluged with some abominable cascade, or of being over the shoe in filth. The custom is, for those above to give warning to those below three times; for if they omit doing so, the person who is sowed can claim (as it is said) a new suit, for that which is spoilt: but if he happens to be a little thick of hearing,

he must be content with his misfortune, and put himself under the next pump he happens to pass, without being able to claim damages against the offender.

The manufactures of this town are various and flourishing, of which those of soap and wax-candles are the chief: tho' the others, such as of stuffs in imitation of those that come from the Indies, of silk stockings, porcelain, tapestry, hats &c. are far from being inconsiderable objects of trade. These employ a prodigious number of workmen; and owe not a little of their success to the clearness of the atmosphere around,

around, which permits the exposition of such things, as want drying, and bleaching. The designs for the tapestry, linen, and Indian manufactures, are furnished by the artists belonging to the academy of painting at Marseilles; and must be consequently superiour to those of other places, where they come from the untutored genius of the workmen themselves.

The *Hotel de ville* is a handsome building, and has several pictures worthy the attention of an artist. Among these are two painted by *Serre*, that represent the plague. Such a subject,

I think,

than it is, not that it is too melancholy for a private edifice; but being in a public, it serves to put the magistrates in mind, what devastation there was in the city, and excites them to use every precaution to prevent the like again.

It is certain that the state of the arts was never so high, nor Marseilles in a more flourishing condition, than under the reign of Louis the Fourteenth: but the praises bestowed on him in an inscription, that is in the *Hotel de ville*, are pompous and ridiculous beyond any thing I ever saw. It runs thus:
*Ludovicus magnus, suis majoribus major,
 sapienti*

*sapienti Minerva sapientior, ipso fortior
 Marte, terrâ marique Victor, piratas ful-
 mineo telo, Leonem Belgicam pugna, Aquila
 Austriacam ferro, Heresim armis
 officiosis, suas voluntaria pace victorias
 devicit anno 1688.*

No other man, besides Louis the
 Fourteenth, could possibly have been
 supposed, to have swallowed such a
 dose as this: but he was a *mere glutton*
of fame, and like a dram-drinker I re-
 member, who came by degrees to think
 brandy too weak a liquor for his sto-
 mach, his vanity required spices to
 strengthen, what would have made an
 hundred men drunk, whose brains had
 not

not been used to such frequent intoxications.

A house here which is situated in the *Grand Carmes*, is affirmed to have been the habitation of *Titus Aunus Milo*, after his condemnation for having slain *Clodius*. The *Magdalen* church is also said to have been antiently a temple dedicated to *Diana*; and to have been the place, where *Mary Magdalen* began to preach. There are various other buildings, which they told us, were formerly temples of *Apollo*, *Minerva* and other heathen deities: but as little remains of their antiquity, to lead

lead to any thing beyond conjecture,
I shall say but little about them.

As for the church of *St. Victor*, it
has such a number of real and supposed
antiquities, as would detain me here a
twelvemonth, should I attempt to de-
scribe them. Among its curiosities
they number *St. Andrew's Cross*; which
is almost entire, and preserved with
that religious veneration, which the
French cannot fail of showing to so
extraordinary a relick. You may see
also the tomb of *St. Eusebius*, and those
of forty-five virgins who disfigured
their faces, to disgust the Vandals,
that would have defloured them. Many

of the figures carved on the more anti-
ent monuments, are consecrated to dif-
ferent pagan deities : and are some of
them such, as one would scarce imagine
the most debauched people could in-
vent, as ornaments for the repositories
of the dead. You will excuse their
description : indeed they are not entire,
but seem to have been mutilated by
some religious person, who was offend-
ed at their indecency, and thought them
opposite to Christian chastity, as well
as improper for the view of monastic
orders. In those tombs that have been
opened, the corpses have been found
with their heads towards the east, and
to with

with pieces of money in their mouths: probably placed there by their friends, that they might not be obliged to wander on the banks of the Styx, but have something to give old Charon for a passage to the Elysian fields. An antiquary might find employment here for half a year at least: but I was so incurious, as to pass over all the inscriptions and pieces of sculpture, without taking out my pencil to copy one.

I think we have followed, or have been followed, by the *rejouissance* for the coronation of the King, throughout France. Yesterday *Marseilles* dis-

played

K 2

played

played all its gaiety and loyalty. The publick walks were hung with the colours of the different nations, that traded at the port: and the houses with tapestry, coats of arms, and transparent paintings. In the evening the *Maire* and *Ecbevins* made their procession to a *feu d'artifice*; which we did not see, as we were obliged to take shelter in a coffee-house, to avoid the vast concourse of people that followed them. This town is reputed to be the most licentious in all France: I have heard that the number of the professed *filles de joie* amounts to no less than eight thousand, and that

boys 12 three

three fourths of the other female inhabitants, come nearly under the same predicament.

The *Marseillois* are very fond of pageantry and processions of all kinds, and have two curious ones, which are said to be peculiar to themselves; the procession of an *ox* at the *Fete de Dieu*, and that of the *voituriers* and *coachmen* to the church of the *Grands Augustins*.

The ceremony of the *ox* is mysterious, and as they tell you of antient institution. It is performed in this manner. During the three days preceding the feast, the company of butchers are employed in driving an *ox* through all

the streets of the town, followed by a great concourse of people. On the back of this beast they place a little boy, dressed in a sheep's skin; who holds a streamer in his left hand, and keeps the fore-finger of his right hand pointed to the sky. On the eve of the feast, the ox is guided to the place, where the temple dedicated to Diana, is said once to have stood. There the boy is taken off, and the butchers, after they have stripped themselves of their fantastic garments, provoke and drive the beast with sticks out of the city, amidst the cries and shouts of the populace, whose minds have interwo-

ven this chace with the duties of religion. But they have not yet done with him; for on the next, which is the grand day, he is led back, ornamented, after the ancient manner of adorning victims, with ribbons and flowers, accompanied by the butchers dressed in pontifical robes, with drums and flutes playing before them. Then follow the priests, friars, and the *religieux* of all the orders with the *Saint Sacrement*; which is supposed to proceed in triumph, and to have the ox as an object of it. The conjectures they make, on what their forefathers intended by this procession, may be just
for

for ought I know to contradict them: but I will leave you to judge of them yourself. The ox, they say, represents pagan worship; and the boy who bestrides him *St. John* the Baptist, who was the precursor of the *Messiah*, to prepare his way, and point out to mankind the Saviour of the world. He is mounted on him, to show that the pagan worship shall be subdued: and he points to the sky, to bid men reverence that victim, that is without spot or blemish. When they drive the animal out of the gates of the city, it is to show that they joyfully consent to banish paganism from among them; and

and in making it a part of the procession of the *Saint Sacrement*, to exhibit it as a chained enemy in the triumph of it's conqueror. If you would know what becomes of the ox, it is killed and given to the poor.

On the feast of St. Eloi, all the voituriers, coachmen, postilions, &c. assemble before the church of the *Grands Augustins*, mounted on their horses, mules, and asses, bearing the flags and colours of their company. As they make their procession before the grand entrance, a priest sprinkles every one of the riders and the beasts with holy water. After having re-

ceived this, they procted in files, and march to the sound of drums and fifes, through most of the great streets of the town, the prizes, to be run for by the different animals, being borne before them, fixed to the end of a long pole. These prizes are generally compleat sets of harnesses, ornamented in a better manner than those that are commonly purchased. In the evening they make three parades on the *Promenade du cours*; and then proceed to the plain of *St. Michael*, which is the place appointed for the races. The horses enter the lists first, next the mules, and then the asses. Such are

howiso I the

the races of Marfeilles, which are frequented as much as any in England, by people of the highest rank in the neighbourhood. I have heard of some other *fetes* and processions; but I dare say you will readily excuse an account of any more.

LETTER XXIII.

Tirascen, July 5th, 1775.

DEAR SIR,

I BELIEVE I have never told you, what sort of machines we have hired, to convey us from place to place, ever since we left *Avignon*. When we quitted the *diligence d'eau*, we agreed with a *voiturier*, (for so the drivers of the *chaifes* in this part of the country are called,) to carry us to *Marseilles*; and as we are pleased with the fellow's countenance and behaviour,

our, we have accepted the offer he made, of carrying us so far as *Montpellier*. Was the weather somewhat less fervid, the voitures perhaps would be more agreeable than at present they are to us; but being such close, clumsy, slow-paced things, and the length of the way bearing no proportion to the time they take up in travelling, we cannot forbear wishing sometimes for English chaises and English horses. We are never suffered to sleep after four in the morning, as our driver is always very importunate to set out at that hour, tho' he performs no more than nine or ten leagues a day: but he is

tender

tender over his beasts, and gives them
 and us a long respite in the middle of
 the day. At that time indeed the heat
 is intense, and even in the morning be-
 fore nine o'clock is such, that we are
 not able to bear our coats and waist-
 coats, but strip and breakfast in our
 shirts. Our breakfast is discussed in
 the voiture, and generally consists of
 a *sautisson*, or sausage, and a bottle of
 wine. It is difficult to meet with any
 thing that is dressed, or that we can
 eat on the road; and for that reason
 we have found it necessary to provide
 ourselves at the great towns, with a
 good stock of these savoury viands. It

could

could wish the people here were a little more sparing of their garlick, for every dish of meat is crammed with it, and they seem to take for granted, that every traveller likes it as much as they do.

But I forgot our voiture, which I cannot pass over, without giving you some description of it, and its appendages. These vehicles are somewhat like an English one-horse chair, and are contrived to carry four if necessary, having two benches one behind the other. The fore-part is made of leather, in the shape of curtains, that may be buckled close, if the rain or
sun

sun should be troublesome: so that the only light in that case which the traveller has, enters by a small glass of about three inches diameter, sewed upon it; through which, if he will keep his eye close, he may see the country that is before him. The back-part, where the trunks are placed, is as far distant from the wheels, as the extremity of the shafts: and by this they contrive to balance the travellers, who are on the other side of the lever. If the trunks are not sufficiently heavy for this purpose, they tie up one, or a number of large stones, to preserve the equilibrium; that the weight may

not

not bear too hard on the back of the beast, that carries the shafts. As they have no springs, you are well jolted, and feel every stone the wheels pass over. These unwieldy things are drawn by mules, that march with a very philosophic and gentle pace. They seldom exceed a walk, excepting when they are stung by a *Guep*, (a kind of hornet): and then the poor traveller is often put in danger of his life: for the *Voiturier*, who commonly walks by their side, is then left behind, and the voiture is carried in all sorts of directions, on roads that are by no means safe at any time. We were not without reason apprehensive

of danger, as we came within sight of *Aix*, from one of these sudden starts. There is a declivity on each side of the road, almost perpendicular, of forty feet, which we were remarking, when our obstinate brutes set off at a furious rate, and left their honest driver bawling to no purpose behind them. We were about to leap out, tho' we should have hazarded our necks, when, luckily for us, they stopped of themselves. Another cause of these animals quickening their pace, is the sight of a horse, to which they bear a great antipathy, and which they always seem to have an

incli-

inclination of combating with bites and kicks.

Yesterday we dined at *St. Remy*, where are standing a *Roman Mausoleum* and several other ruins of antiquity; upon whose foundation many conjectures have been made, to very little purpose. The harvest all around that part of the country, was almost finished: and we remarked, that, tho' seldom any other beasts of burthen than asses, mules, and oxen are to be seen on the public roads, for most of the purposes of husbandry horses were principally employed. I believe those animals are but rarely found here: good

ones I am certain are : and indeed nothing but a scarcity of them can be expected, where there is a scarcity of good pastures.

The corn is threshed out almost as soon as cut ; and for this purpose they make a temporary threshing-floor, on some part of the field, where they reap. This threshing-floor is prepared, by moistening a piece of ground of about twenty or thirty feet square ; and afterwards beating it with an instrument, that takes off all inequalities, and makes it look as if it had been plaistered with a mason's trowel. The sun soon hardens this spot : and it is then

then strewed with several bundles of corn, as high as the knees of a man. The manner of threshing them, when they are thus strewed, is what I never saw before. A woman (for I have seen more women employed this way, than men) stands in the midst, and has around her half a dozen or more horses, with a bridle or halter to each. She holds all these bridles by their extremities, in one of her hands, and whips the horses with the other: so that they dance in a circle around, the bridles forming the radii, of which her hand is the center, and trample the corn, out of the ear, with their feet.

feet. Whether this ancient method answers so well as that of the flail, I cannot pretend to determine: it may be more expeditious, but must certainly make great waste.

They seem to make little use of the straw or reed but in manure; and therefore take but little trouble to bundle it up. In many fields the ears are only plucked off, and it is suffered to rot in the ground, whilst in others it is afterwards mowed. What is the peasants reason, for giving himself double trouble, I could not learn.

Women here are the reapers, and it is not uncommon to see five females
to

to one man, employed in this kind of labour. Scarce any of them have shoes or stockings, and few a hat or any other covering for the head, to defend them from the heat of the sun. Perhaps to this it may be owing, that, among the lower class of people, handsome women are exceedingly rare: all of them having coarse, ordinary, sun-burnt faces. However, tho' the country is deficient in this respect, it has a juster claim itself, to be called beautiful, than any other part of France, I have yet seen. The fields have more the appearance of cultivation, and you have fewer of those barren naked rocks,

which I have so often remarked. Hedges are not uncommon: and you may sometimes see some straggling trees and coppices: but these are forlorn, and have not those inhabitants that should enliven them. I know not what makes the little feathered songsters forsake these parts, excepting it be, that they cannot find shelter in a country so naked of woods: for I am sure you may travel for days together, and not be able to see one.

It is not often that oxen are employed in ploughing: those, which I observed, were yoked by the horns, as being the part, where it is imagined, they

they can exert the greatest strength.

In general you see a man working with a single horse or ass, without a boy or any other person to guide it. Their ploughs are lighter than those commonly used in England, but nearly of the same construction, and seem to turn the furrows with great facility and expedition.

LETTER XXIV.

Montpelier, July 8th, 1775.

IN our journey from *Nismes*, we have fallen in company with two elderly Abbés; with whose conversation we have been much entertained. As they were going to *Montpelier*, we agreed to meet at the same inn: and have all punctually kept the appointment. They have ordered a supper, and whilst it is getting ready, we shall take a walk together through some part of the town.

We

We had plumed ourselves, on having made a good bargain, for our rout from *Marseilles* to this place; but to our mortification, are informed by our prudent companions, that the voiturier has imposed on us, and has exacted near double what he ought to have been paid. But those are impositions, against which experience, and enquiries can only teach us to guard. I imagine, for the future, we shall not be such easy dupes. The Abbés tell us, that the best method of bargaining for our rout from place to place, is to call in a number of voituriers, who will beat down each other's price; for as they

are unwilling to lose a fare, each will propose the least sum, for which he can afford to harness his mules. We have accordingly followed their advice: and have found it answer in every respect. We did not much grudge the over-price we paid our Avignon driver, as his civilities would have entitled him to something extraordinary above his fare; and as he had offered to carry us so far as *Beziers*, we called him in, with some others of the fraternity. He gave his price; when one of his brethren, who stood by his side, immediately sunk twelve livres under him: at last the Abbés, to stop an altercation

tercation that was begun between them, desired they might fix the sum, to which as we readily consented, they proposed one, much beneath any offer, which was soon accepted by him who made the second. These voituriers seem to think it ill-breeding to doubt, whether a gentleman will stand to his agreement or not: for instead of our giving earnest, that we would not hire any other chaise, they deposit themselves six or twelve livres as a surety, that they will not harness their mules for any other person.

Altho' the curiosities and antiquities of *Nysmes* have been often described, I cannot

cannot pass them over without mentioning one, which is perhaps the most extraordinary extant in the world. I mean an *Amphitheatre*, which, tho' disregarded by the inhabitants, is standing almost entire, saving on one part, where it has felt the violence of unlettered ages. Indeed it would be a difficult matter to demolish the whole: for the stones, of which it is built, are of such an immense size, and so well cemented, as would require the zeal of an army of barbarians to remove. Some say that this immense and beautiful pile was raised by *Marius*, who fled to *Nysmes*, after he was conquered by *Sylla*,

Sylla, and intended to raise a city, that should rival Rome in power and splendor. Others affirm, that it was built during the reign of *Augustus*: and others are of opinion, that it is of later date, and was founded in the reign of *Adrian*. This last seems to be the most probable conjecture: as before the reign of *Tiberius* every amphitheatre almost was built of wood, and, after the misfortune at *Fidene*, according to his edict, of stone. The figure of this of *Nyfnæs* is oval; and on those seats that remain, I really believe fifteen thousand people could sit, without crowding one another. When I was
travelling

traversing those places where the Romans once sat, I felt a sensation thrill through me, that is impossible to describe. It was something like that melancholy, which wraps the mind, when one is contemplating the tomb of a friend or acquaintance, and bringing to remembrance his form, actions, voice, or manner, when we hold an ideal converse with him, and have the reflection continually obtruded on us, that the same person lies mouldering beneath our feet, an insensible corps. In the same manner, my fancy was instantly busy, to replace what time had ravaged; and was perpetually interrupted

terraptured with the sad thought, that the multitudes and the august assembly, that filled the ample void of this amphitheatre, had been laid for generations in the grave. Here on this very stone once sat a Roman—on this another—here Patricians—there Plebeians—Who were they?—What were the spectacles, that drew *uncrouded nations to its womb*?—I assure you, I could hardly help imagining the stones to be intelligent beings; and would fain have applied to them, for information of those circumstances, actions, and representations, to which they had once been witnesses.

The prisons of the slaves and the dens of the beasts designed for the combats, are now inhabited by common people; and in the *Arena*, sixty or seventy wretched hovels are erected, that entirely destroy the beauty of its appearance from below. When you are in the middle of the amphitheatre, you can see nothing of it, for it is shamefully converted into a number of little lanes, inhabited by woolecombers. But this is not all—This noble monument of Roman grandeur seems to be quite disregarded, and every person to have the liberty of destroying and pulling down what they can of it: for,

on mounting to the top, I found all the iron cramps, that joined stone to stone, pulled out, wherever they could be conveniently reached, and the corners of the stones broken off, by the violence used in extracting them. How any but a barbarous people can suffer such a profanation, of the noblest piece of antiquity their country has to boast, is to me the most extraordinary thing in the world. Ground is surely not difficult to be had about Nysmes; for not a tenth part of that within its antient walls is built on; and why they should choose the most celebrated spot, for the erection of a few wretched

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hovels,

hovels, is beyond my comprehension. I declare, I could, with pleasure, have set fire to every one of them. This amphitheatre has stood the attacks of *Euric* and his barbarians: but I fear will not be able to stand against the repeated and daily ones of those modern Goths, the inhabitants of *Nysmes*.

After having rambled about *Montpelier*, I can tell you little more than that it is pleasantly situated, and commands many beautiful prospects. On the *Pierou*, as I think it is called, there is a fountain, which for simplicity and beauty excels any other I ever saw.

The water is brought from a mountain five miles distant; and the aqueduct is on the plan of the *Pont du gard*, which I have not mentioned, tho' we saw it but yesterday, because it has been already sufficiently described. The environs of this city are planted with vines, olive, fig, and mulberry-trees; the latter to nourish the silk-worms, which form the most considerable object of trade. Another thing that brings in a considerable revenue to this city, is the distillation of waters of all sorts, of *liqueurs*, and syrups, that are famous all over Europe. I make no doubt you have drank *Orgeat*
or

of *Capillaire*, that was, or has been said to be, made here.

This place is much resorted to by those English who labour under disorders of the lungs; whom the reputed clearness of its atmosphere, and fame of its physicians, have led in hopes of a cure. I imagine *Montpelier*, like most other places frequented for health's sake, owes its reputation, both for the one and the other, more to the exercise which the sick have been obliged to take in journeying to it, and that in which they exert themselves, after they are arrived, in going to the baths, and in walking, than to the
 79 air,

air, water, or sovereign remedies, that are prescribed for them. For I fancy, whatever France might have been formerly in physick and surgery, the improvements of practice in Britain have outstripped and left that state at a wonderful distance behind; and I believe they can little boast a *Cullen*, a *Baker*, a *Pringle*, or a *Hunter*.

Montpelier, besides its university, and schools of medicine, boasts a royal academy of sciences; which is composed of six honorary members, three physicians, three astronomers, three mathematicians, three chymists, and three botanists. *Rabelais* is said to have

have been of the university; and his gown and cap are still preserved, with a kind of religious veneration, and used in the ceremony of conferring the degree of Doctor.

In this part of France I find great difficulty in understanding the language; an abominable *Patois* being spoken, by all the common class of people. On one side of the Rhone is a compound of French and Italian; and on the other of French with the Spanish, and Spanish terminations. The most extraordinary thing is, that the generality of them do not understand pure French; and are not only incapable of speaking

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ing any other, than their vile jargon, but must likewise be addressed in it. For this reason, you often hear gentlemen talk grammatically to one person, and direct their discourse, in *Patois*, to another. This is not the case with us: for tho' we have several peculiarities of speech in the different counties of England, you will seldom find a peasant, who does not understand the pure language of his country; or a gentleman who descends to converse in vulgarisms, with the vulgar of Devonshire, Cornwall, or Yorkshire; however well he may be able to express himself in them. If you would wish

to see some *Patois* you may read part
of a pastoral which I have transcribed:
tho' in this, I do not think the varia-
tion of termination, so extraordinary,
as it sounds to my ears in conver-
sation.

Que ferai je Pauvre, *Que ferai je Pouvret,*
Puisquo l'amour m'est ay- *Puisque l'amour m'est*
gro, *aigre,*

Comme un arcu Jouret, *Comme un harang foret,*

Je vray deveni maygro : *Je vais dormir maigre :*

Mon armia desola *Mon ame desolée,*

Ne se pot consola. *Ne peut etre consolée.*

U ver de mon soufpy, *Au vent de mon soupir*

Perdan me tourterella, *Perdant ma tourterelle,*

Mon

Mon groin vat mieu flap- *Mon visage va plus se*
py, *fletrir,*

Que floa brisha de grella : *Qu'une fleur brisée par*
la grele :

Et mon cor marfondu *Et mon cœur morfondu,*
Vat etre tot fondû. *Va etre tout fondû.*

Je seu dezzeretta *Je suis desherité,*
Da tota a l'es peranti : *De toute esperance ;*
Gnat point de pouretta *Il n'y a point de pouv-*
reté,

Ni mi da saffrancei, *Ni meme de souffrance,*
Si granda sur le cor *Si grand sur le cœur,*
Que la perta en amor. *Que la perte en amour.*

L'air debuvir sem- *L'air devrait se*
bruncié *brouiller,*
De ma mina malada : *De ma mine malade :*
Et tou c'est ou rochié, *Et tous ces rochers,*
Qui ont prey la pelada, *Qui ont pris la pelée,*

Deburion plein de chalen Devroient pleins de
chaleur

Fendre de ma dolen. Fendre de ma douleur.

Et mon cor me fonde Et mon cor me fonde
Va être tout fondé.

Je suis desherité Je suis desherité

De toute esperance De toute esperance

Il n'y a point de poy Il n'y a point de poy

Mi meme de souffrance Mi meme de souffrance

Si grand sur le cor Si grand sur le cor

Que la porte en amont Que la porte en amont

L'air de vent se L'air de vent se

De ma mine malade De ma mine malade

Et tous ces rochers Et tous ces rochers

Qui ont pris la pelée Qui ont pris la pelée

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

Toulouse, July 13th, 1775.

WE are continually changing from water to land, and land to water. *Languedoc* was not to be passed, without seeing the *Canal royal*, that joins the Mediterranean to the Ocean : so we quitted our voiture at *Beziers*, and got into one of those boats, that put off every day for *Toulouse*. These boats are like the others, in which we have spent many hours;

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hours; and which I have already described to you. They are drawn by two horses, at the rate of four or five miles an hour; and are commodiously fitted up for the reception of travellers. Whether they have passengers or not, like the diligences, one of them sets off every day both from *Toulouse* and *Beziers*; and the boatmen from each place contrive to meet about noon, and their companies generally dine together.

The first design of this canal is by some attributed to *Antistius Vetus* a Roman, who was in Gaul, in the reign of Nero; and by others to Henry the

Fourth:

Fourth: but whatever conjectures may be made about the first projector, certain it is, that Mr. *Riquet*, under the auspices of *Colbert*, was the person, who had spirit great enough to undertake the work, and a head to plan and compleat it. To the honour of *Louis* the Fourteenth be it spoken, he supported *Riquet* in the prosecution from his treasury; and, when the canal was finished, granted to him and his heirs male, all the profits and revenues arising from it. The sum, that it now brings in to a descendant of his, must be immense: but I could not learn what, as the proprietors have been
said

said, industriously to have baffled all enquiries of this kind.

In the year 1681, the Cardinal Bonzy, with several Bishops, and a multitude of *religieux*, made a solemn procession, to pronounce a benediction on the waters of the canal: and when the first stone was laid of the first lock, Louis the Fourteenth had a medal struck, to be placed under it, with these words:

LUDOVICUS XIV.

FRANC: & NAV: REX

UNDARUM, TERRÆQUE POTENS

ATQUE ARBITER ORBIS.

Or

On the reverse :

EXPECTATA DIU POPULIS

COMMERCIA PANDIT.

A little beyond *Beziers*, the canal is carried under a mountain, which has been cut through for that purpose : and, in other places on arches, over vallies and rivers. Where the inequality of the ground is not great, they have found locks sufficient ; and sometimes you see not fewer than eight or ten, within twenty feet of each other. If these were all to be passed through, by the boats that carry only passen-

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Q

gers,

gers, it would take up a deal of time, and create a tediousness: therefore in order to remedy this inconvenience, when we came to such places, we were desired to walk to an empty boat, that was provided for us beyond them: and that we left, remained for those, who were going to the place we came from, and who changed in the same manner. The freight of the trading-boats cannot be so easily removed; and they must consequently pass through every one of the locks. You ascend by these, until you reach *Castlenaudari*, and then descend till you come to *Toulouse*. For *Castlenaudari* is the highest part

part of the canal, and on the mountains behind it has the grand reservoir that supplies the waters. This reservoir is computed to be two thousand four hundred yards in length, a thousand in breadth, and forty in depth. Half the stream that descends from it, seems to empty itself towards *Beziers*, and half towards *Toulouse*: affording always an ample supply to float the boats, barges, &c. that pass and repass on Mr. *Riquet's* admirable and useful canal.

The greatest part of the country, through which we passed, was tilled with corn; and seems to deserve the name of the Granary of France, more

than any other. As I had never before seen any large tract of land, covered with Turkey corn, which is principally cultivated on the banks of the canal, I was much pleased with the appearance, which when the ears are full, is luxuriant and grand. The flour that is made from it, is used in various manners in cookery; but the bread is seldom eaten by any, but peasants and the lower class of people.

We are now, as you have seen, at *Toulouſe*, and in a miserable *auberge*; where there is scarce a room that is tolerable, on account of the filth, and where the people are boorish, inattentive,

tive, or deaf. Having been much pleased with the canal, we were caught by the sign at the door, which is *la jonction des jeux mers*: but I know not, how we came to think of staying here, after we entered and found in what a sty we were got. However we have not a much longer penance to undergo; as we have already hired a voiture, to carry us to *Bordeaux*. I am not so well pleased with *Toulouse* as I have been with several of the lesser towns of France; tho' perhaps the reason may be, that I am not so well pleased with myself, and that the city takes its complexion, in my mind, from
that

that miserable corner of it, in which I am now writing. Here are many pieces of antiquity, reliicks, &c. such as you find in most of the towns of France; but scarce any that seem to deserve much notice. Some of the edifices are said to have been built by the Romans, and indeed the ruins of an amphitheatre and some temples, prove the town to be of antient foundation. In the *Hôtel de ville*, which is of a more modern date, I saw this morning the following inscription:

HIC TEMPS DAT JORA CIVIBUS
 APOLLO FLORES CAMÆNTIS
 MINERVA PALMAS ARTIBUS.

The

The two last lines appeared to me extraordinary: for what Apollo or Minerva had to do with the muses or arts in a town-house, I could not divine. But on enquiry I learnt, that, about three hundred years ago, a lady of *Toulouse*, called *Clemence Isaure*, gave this building, and an immense sum to the town, on condition that on her birth-day, or the third of May, there should be a festival held, and called *La Fete des jeux floraux*. On this day four flowers that were particularized, viz. an eglantine, a violet, a pink, and a marigold of silver gilt, were to be distributed to such as excelled in the productions of art

art or science: and the merit of such productions was to be determined by the secretary, appointed for that purpose, and the *Capitouls*, or Aldermen, that were to hold the scales of justice, in the same place. This lady has not the honour of being esteemed the first that invented this *fete*: as another of the same kind, is said to have been instituted by the antient *Capitouls*, before her time, at the public expence. In those early lists, the Troubadours were the first champions for fame, and disputed the prize with heroic poems, eclogues, odes, and various compositions in verse. The *Jeux floraux* have under-

undergone a late alteration in the time Louis the fourteenth, who raised them to an academy of the *belles lettres*, and appointed a President and thirty-six Academicians, to judge of the claims of the several candidates. At present the prizes are, as I am told, an amaranthus of gold, of the value of seventeen or eighteen pounds English, for the best ode; a violet of silver, for the best poem; an eglantine, for the best composition in prose; and a marigold, for the best elegy or eclogue.

The following eclogue, which won one of the prizes I have mentioned, appears to me to have so much natural

simplicity in its narration, and such elegance in its style, that I am sure I shall give you great pleasure in finishing this letter with it. It is the composition of an *Abbé Mangenot*, who has written several *petites pieces*, and is author of a concise history of French poetry, that is famous. As this history is contained in about a dozen lines, I will give it you, and then, together with the pastoral, I think my packet will be encreased to a respectable bulk. *Mangenot* died in 1608-9. There is a brother of his, as I am informed, living at present in Paris, who is a famous musician.

HISTOIRE DE LA POÉSIE FRANÇOISE.

“ **L**A Poésie Françoise, sous *Ron-*
sard, & sous *Baif*, étoit un
 “ enfant au berceau, dont on ignoroit
 “ jusqu’au sexe. *Malherbe* le soupçonna
 “ mâle, & lui fit prendre la robe virile.
 “ *Corneille* en fit un heros. *Racine* en
 “ fit une femme adorable & sensible.
 “ *Quinault* en fit une courtisane, pour
 “ la rendre digne d’épouser *Lully* &
 “ la peignit si bien sous le masque,
 “ que le sévère *Boileau* s’y trompa, &
 “ condamna *Quinault* a l’enfer, & sa
 “ Muse aux prisons de St. Martin. A

" l'égard de *Voltaire*, il en a fait un
 " excellent *Escher de Rhétorique*, qui
 " lutte contre tous ceux qu'il croit
 " Empereurs de sa classe, & qu'aucun
 " de ses pareils n'ose entreprendre de
 " dégoûter, se contentant de s'en rap-
 " porter au jugement de la Postérité,
 " unique & seul préfet des études de
 " sous les Cèdes."

" Cornille épist. un. schol. sel sous
 " fit une femme adorable & sensible.
 " fainant en bonne courtoise, pour
 " la rendre digne d'épouser *Lally* &
 " la peignit si bien sous le masque,
 " que la *Reine* *Blonde* l'y trouva &
 " combattant *Quintus* à l'enfer, & la
 " Mue aux prisons de *St. Martin*. A

" l'égard

R 2

Le

LE RENDEZ VOUS.

AU déclin d'un beau jour, une jeune bergère,
 Echappée à la fin aux regards de sa mere,
 Pressoit, les pas tardifs de son nombreux troupeau
 Vers un bocage épais, éloigné du hameau ;
 L'heure d'un rendezvous, malgré ses soins, passé,
 S'offroit incessamment à sa triste pensée ;
 Elle arrive, mais ciel ! quels furent ses soucis,
 De parcourir ces lieux sans y trouver Tircis ?
 Dans son impatience, envain elle l'appelle,
 Echo seul répond à la voix de la belle ;
 Mille soupçons confus allument son courroux ;
 Elle s'arrête enfin du plus cruel de tous.

“ Tircis ne m'aime plus, le perfide, (dit elle)

“ Ne peut en même tems être heureux et fidele ;

“ Une bergère amante est pour lui sans appas

“ Il m'aimeroit encore, si je ne l'aimois pas.

“ On m'en l'avoit tant dit, avant de le connaître ;

“ Traiter bien un amant, il cessera de l'être ;

“ L'amour

“ L'amour ne peut durer, qu'autant que ses désirs ;

“ Nourri par l'espérance, il meurt par les plaisirs :

“ Aussi, quoique mon cœur approuvât son hommage,

“ Quand il'osa tenir un amoureux langage,

“ Le soleil quatre fois, fit jaunir nos moissons

“ Avant que je parusse écouter ses chansons.

“ En lui cachant l'ardeur qui dévorait mon âme,

“ Que n'ai je point souffert pour éprouver sa flamme ?

“ Par combien de tourmens n'ai je point acheté

“ Le chimérique espoir d'aimer en sûreté ?

“ Cruelle à mon berger, plus cruelle à moi-même

“ Je ne lui laissois voir qu'une rigueur extrême ;

“ Mais un jour, jour fatal au secret de mon cœur

“ Tircis trop tendrement m'exprima son ardeur.

“ Jusq'

“ Jusqu’ à quand, disoit il, (il mén sonvient encore,)

“ Serez vous insensible, au feu qui me dévore ?

“ Malgré votre beauté, craindriez vous, un jour,

“ De me voir à quelque autre immoler votre amour ?

“ Ah grand Dieu ! si je vis sans aimer ma bergère

“ Que ma flûte, ma voix, mes vers cessant de plaire ;

“ Qu’ on me voi étouffer les oiseaux que j’ instruis ;

“ Que me prés soient sans fleurs, et mes vergers sans fruits :

“ Que mes tendres brebis, que mes taureaux superbes

“ S’empoisonnent du suc des plus mortelles herbes,

“ Que je les abandonne à la fureur des loups,

“ Et que je sois moi-même en bute à tous vos coups ;

“ J’en jure par les Dieux, ou plutôt par moi même,

“ Phillis, l’amour vous rend ma déité supême ;

“ L’ardeur

- " L'ardeur que j'ai pour vous ne finira jamais.
 " Croyez en mon amour, mes serments, vos traits,
 " Son trouble, sa lueur, ses regards son silence,
 " Tout m'assuroit alors de l'a persévérance ;
 " Je ne pus résister a des coups si puissants :
 " Un trouble seducteur s'empara de mes sens
 " Presque sans le vouloir, éperdue, inquiète,
 " A mon perfide amant, j'avouai ma défaite :
 " Je vous aime lui dis je ; heureuse si mon cœur
 " Peut attendre du vôtre une éternelle ardeur.
 " A vous aimer toujours, cher Tircis, je m'en-
 gage,
 " Que de mon tendre amour cet agneau soit la
 gage ;
 " Il croîtra, que nos feux croissent ainsi que lui,
 " Puissions nous nous aimer encor plus qu' au-
 jourd huy.
 " Qui pourroit exprimer ce qu'alors nous nous
 dimes ?
 " Reste-t-il des serments après ceux que nous
 fîmes ?
 " Tout

“ Tout ce qu’un tendre amour a de fort et de
doux,

“ Dans ce moment heureux se disoit entre nous :

“ Fugitives douceurs, instants si désirables

“ Ou soyez moins piquans, ou soyez plus dura-
bles.

“ A peine eus je livré mon cœur à ses desirs

“ Que le nuit vint troubler nos innocens plaisirs.

“ Malgré nous, il fallut nous soustraire à leurs
charmes ;

“ Je me levai—nous yeux se remplirent de
larmes,

“ Et pour nous séparer, en nous serrant la main

“ Nous ne pûmes tous deux prononcer, qu’ à
demain.

“ Depuis cet heureux jour, avec exactitude,

“ Il me prévint toujours en cette solitude ;

“ Mais hélas ! aujourd’hui je l’attends vaine-
ment,

“ L’ingrat n’a plus pour moi le même empressé-
ment ;

“ Sans doute le perfide, aux pieds de quelque
belle

“ Se fait de ma douleur un mérite auprès d'elle ;

“ Et pour la flatter mieux, méprisant ma beauté,

“ Le perjure se rit de ma crédulité.

“ Dieux sur la foi desquels j'ai perdu l'innocence,

“ De mon perfide amant daignez tirer ven-
geance.”

Elle achevoit ces mots, quand Tircis accourut ;

A l'aspect du berger son courroux disparut.

Et seulement d'un air ingénu, vif et tendre,

“ Seroit ce à moi, Tircis, dit elle, a vous at-
tendre ?

“ Bergère, reprit il calmez votre courroux,

“ J'étois sur ce gazon deux heures avant vous ;

“ Vous arriviez enfin, mais disgrâce imprévue !

“ Un loup au même instant s'est offert à ma vue.

“ Il entraînait, grands Dieux ! quelle allarme
pour moi !

“ Cet agneau si cheri, gage de votre foi.

“ O ciel !

" O ciel ! pour mon amour, quel funeste présage,
 " Ai je dis ; mais cruel je méprise ta rage,
 " Quoique je sois ici sans houlette, sans chien,
 " Tu sentiras bientôt qu'un amant ne craint
 rien ;
 " Enfin, jusqu'en son fort, la bête poursuivie ;
 " A perdu sous mes coups sa proie avec sa vie ;
 " J'ai vengé par sa mort nos plaisirs différés,
 " Pouvois je moins punir qui nous a séparés ?
 La Bergère à ces mots lui raconta ses craintes,
 Le fidele Tircis en fit de douces plaintes ;
 Phillis, pour l'appaiser, docile à ses raisons
 Par cent et cent faveurs expia ses soupçons.

LETTER XXVI.

Bourdeaux, July 17th, 1775.

DEAR SIR,

WE left Toulouse in one of those
 voitures, which I have al-
 ready described to you; but not
 without a long altercation with our
 host and hostess, whose impositions we
 strenuously combated, and at last, su-
 perseded. The first night we lay at a
 small village, the name of which I do
 not remember; where we were most
 outrageously attacked,—not by thieves
 believe

believe me—but by some zealous Roman Catholicks. At supper we happened to fall in company with two ladies, who had outlived their beauty, if they ever had any, an Abbé, and a young man, who told us he was a student in the law. As the French are very communicative, it was not long before the usual question was put round to every one, whence he came and where he was going. Sometimes one would wish to pass for a Frenchman, to avoid the numberless, and oftentimes impertinent questions, to which you are subjected, by being known to be a foreigner: as it is not
 often

often those people, from whom you would wish to gain information yourself, that are the most inquisitive. But my truant tongue would soon betray me : and I am in general proud to be thought an Englishman. Hitherto, by the complaisance and respect that has been paid us, the French seem to think the name alone included all kinds of merit : but for the *Devotes*, with whom we supped, I doubt whether they would have sat down at table with us, had they known before who we were. The lady by whom I sat, as soon as she heard we were Englishmen, asked if we were also Protestants.

We

We answered in the affirmative : and a profound silence ensued, that is rare to be found, where four or five are assembled in any part of this country. We did nothing but gaze upon one another for some time : but I could not discover whether we were sunk, or raised in their opinion by their countenances. However, we were soon put out of doubt—What a pity ! cries one—who was answered with a shrug by the other—At last my neighbour drawing her chair closer to mine, with great importance in her looks, asked if I had ever been made sensible, of the great benefits that mankind reaped,
by

by the death of Christ: and whether I acknowledged, or had heard of the miracles that he wrought. The attack was begun on both sides, for Mr. — at the same time was questioned by the other Devote, whether he had ever seen the psalms of David, on which, without waiting for an answer, she made a long and pious dissertation. They had taken us quite unprepared, and unsuspecting of their intentions. For my part I was staggered the first blow, and could not speak a word:—this did not hinder her from repeating it: but luckily the Abbé compassionately stepped in to
 I my

my relief, and told her, that tho' we were Protestants, she was not to think us not to be Christians, or because we were not of the Romish communion, denied the divinity of our Saviour. The Lawyer then took up the discourse, and attempted to explain what Protestantism was : he told her we had Arians, Methodists, and Quakers, who were all Christians, and had extraordinary inspirations of the spirit ; and after launching out of his depth, and floundering in absurdities from which he knew not how to extricate himself, appealed to us for a ratification of what he had said. Our situation was rather

a disagreeable one; resolved not to enter into any dispute on a religious subject, and unwilling to appear rude and impolite. We often pretended not to understand their questions, that some other person might save us the trouble of an answer: but we were plied with impertinencies so thick, that in spite of our inclination, it was impossible to be silent. The Devotes still went on (notwithstanding we by other questions attempted to change the conversation) and observed, that it was a great pity so many souls should be lost, by children's having errors rooted in them by their parents, before they were able to judge

judge for themselves: and at last, one of them, after she had seriously exhorted us to become Catholicks, before we left France, said that she hoped hereafter to meet us in Heaven, and that we should confess to her glory, that it was she who had first opened our eyes to the truth. They then called on the Abbé, who was an elderly man, and had as yet scarce spoken ten words, to enter into the conversation, and convince us that what they advised, was necessary to our salvation: but he declined saying any thing upon the subject, and would willingly have changed it. However his attempt was

fruitless ; so zealous were our females on making converts. It would be impossible for me to recollect all the rhapsodies and nonsense which they poured out, and to which we were obliged to listen : indeed they seemed to me, from the whole of their discourse, to be so ignorant, as to make no difference between a Protestant and a Pagan. We were so tired at last, that I could not help telling them, it was necessary they should know, what the tenets of a particular church were, before they pretended to condemn its errors : and that I did not believe any one in the company, excepting the

Abbé,

Abbé, knew the difference that lay between those of a Protestant, and those of a Roman Catholick. If I was rude, they were to blame themselves; it was almost impossible to be less so. I soon after withdrew to see whether our beds were ready, and to provide something to take in the voiture with us for our breakfast, the next morning. When I returned, I found my friend between the two Devotes, one of whom had got his right hand, and the other his left; praying him on both sides with great earnestness, for the sake of his soul, to become a Catholick. I could not but smile to see him

him in such a situation; and he was not a little pleased, when I summoned him to bed, to extricate himself from it.

I shall say no more at present, but to beg that you will conclude me to be most sincerely and affectionately

Yours

LETTER

LETTER XXVII.

Bordeaux, July 19th, 1775.

DEAR SIR,

I SAW nothing either in *Agen*, or *Tonneins* worthy notice; if there was, it escaped us not from laziness, or remissness in enquiry. At *La Reolle*, we fell in again with the rejoicings, for the coronation of the King. The peasants had scoured up their rusty fusils; and when we came, were drawn up in files in the market-place, in order to celebrate the day with a few volleys.

They

They had a corporal belonging to the regular troops who arranged them; and who seemed to think himself as great a man as Marshal Saxe at the head of an army. He certainly could never have a better opportunity of appearing to advantage. We could observe, that the pretty *Paysannes* regarded him with looks of admiration: and I doubt whether any Beau, with all his *paraphernalia*, ever made so many conquests in the space of an hour, as this soldier, in the display of his military abilities.

In our rout from *Marseilles* (as the character of the English, for scattering their

their money with a ridiculous ostentation, is not so much known as in other parts of the kingdom, where they more commonly travel) we did not meet with so many attempts at impositions, which are become customary, by block-heads peaceably acquiescing in them. The *Fille de chambre* will, here, think herself handsomely paid with four sous; when a wench on the Calais road will spurn at a *vingt quatre*, or twenty-four sous piece. But Mr. *Desport*, from whose windows we saw the military parade, had, I imagine, lived somewhere near Paris; for when his wife was about to give me the overplus that remained

of a crown, above the usual price paid for dinner, he whispered her, and seized the money, of which he refused to restore a single sou. We were much provoked at his insolence, and had we known the legality, should have obliged him to make restitution *vi & armis*. Tho' he was cook and *auber-giste* in one, our swords were at least a match for his spits and ladles. Indeed there was no other revenge left us; for as it was a petty village, no officer or mayor, from whom we could seek redress, was to be found. However as the voiture was at the door, and a couple of ivres was no great sum to

lose; we contented ourselves with bestowing a few epithets on him, as we took our leave, and set out for *Macaire*, where we found an inn, little inferior to the best in England. I believe we shall not readily trust money again into an Aubergiste's hand, to pay himself. Will you not convict me from my own words of being a blockhead, in having suffered this imposition? But soft my friend!—I have told you we could get no redress, nor plead our cause any otherwise, than by the *argumentum baculinum*; which might have detained us on our journey, longer than we chose. I assure you we did

not easily submit, and you must make a difference between our inadvertence, and the ostentatious squandering of my nominal *Lord Anglois*; who scatters the poison of discontent and discord, for the benefit of the next traveller, who should not be so rich as himself, at all the Auberges where he happens to touch.

The soil around *Bordeaux* is a deep sand, which seems to agree the best of any with vines, as they are no where in a more flourishing condition, excepting in some parts of Burgundy, where the ground has the same appearance. The vineyards are likewise bet-

ter

ter enclosed with hedges, than in any other part of France; and the stalks are more luxuriantly loaded with fruit. This sandy soil renders travelling very tedious in a voiture. We often get out and walk, especially when we approach a town: but tho' booted, we were prevented there, by sinking so deep, every step we took.

Bordeaux yields to few cities in point of beauty; for it appears to have all that opulence which an extensive commerce can confer. It is finely situated on the banks of the *Garonne*, and has besides many other adjoining rivers, such as the *Dordogne*, the *Lot*, the *Charente*,

Charente, and *Adour*. The Quay which is extended on a straight line, for more than two miles, with a range of regular buildings, cannot fail of striking the eye with admiration; which is increased by the noble appearance of an immense rapid river, and the multitude of ships and vessels which trade here.

The inhabitants are now building a new Theatre, which, by its beginning, promises to be the noblest in Europe: —*per synecdochen*—I should say of any part of it I have seen. I am but now returned from seeing the *Ecoffaise* of Mr. Voltaire at the old house; where I think I have heard better singers than even

even Paris can boast. The actors are certainly inferior; however I was more delighted with the entertainment of the *Sorlier*, which is the composition of the ingenious Mr. *Pollador*, than with any other musical performance I have been present at in France. I believe I lost two or three of the airs, by attending to a gallant manœuvre, of an Irish sea Captain, as I judged him to be. The heat being excessive, Mr. ——— would not stay after the play was ended, and I, to suffer as little as possible from it, removed into another box, which I observed to be less crowded. I found there an elderly gentleman, with

with two smiling damsels, whom it was not difficult to divine were of a certain order. Soon after me came this Captain, of whom I am speaking; who struck with the figure of one of them, rapt out an oath, that she was the finest girl he had ever seen. Zounds—Jack (says he, to his comrade, after he had been eyeing her some time) I wish we understood their French lingo here, I would speak to her, for she has d——d roguish eyes, and —— On hearing my native language spoken, I could not but be attentive; but I lost the answer his comrade made him. Perhaps it might be advice, how to supply the defect

defect of speech, of which he afterwards availed himself. Several glances were shot on both sides for some time, and even some overtures made by the lady towards a conversation: but alas! our swain was mute, and like a respectful lover could only bow, without being able to get out a word. I saw he was in great want of an interpreter, and at last observed him make use of the most prevailing one in the world. He got near the object of his silent worship, and gently touching her sleeve, presented a Louis d'or full to her eyes. She smiled intelligence, and on turning round and perceiving that I had

observed the dialogue, burst into a loud laugh. *Monsieur* (says she) *parle bien françois*. The gentleman was a little disconcerted, as if he had met with a rebuff: however he had certainly addressed her very eloquently, for she was soon after handed very politely by him out of the box. Make your comments on the powers and virtues of that universal linguist gold; for I am absolutely too sleepy to write a word more, than to assure you, that

I am your's sincerely and
affectionately,

LETTER XXVIII.

Tours, July 27th, 1773.

WE have been not a little incommoded by the heat, all the way from *Bordeaux*. The air has been in such a state of effervescence, that every night of the last week has brought thunder and lightning with it: and at *Angouleme* such a storm was brewed over our heads, as seemed to threaten the foundations of the houses. One that is not violent, is in general

no unwelcome thing to us : as the showers which sometimes accompany it, freshen the atmosphere for the next day's journey.

The Diligence in which we have travelled, and in which we have taken places for Paris, is like that of Lyons, excepting that the number of its passengers is limited to eight, and its progress much slower. Notwithstanding we have had agreeable company, I have often wished the journey shortened, and been impatient for the relais where we were to dine and sup. Not that I was stimulated by hunger; tho' it might be sometimes the case. I believe

lieve the novelty of the scene begins to wear off, and the objects that have presented themselves, have not been sufficiently interesting, to keep the attention awake, and lessen the tediousness of sitting in one place, for seven or eight hours successively. We make what variety we can; and oftentimes set out before the coach, and walk till it overtakes us. This morning I was three leagues from the inn where we slept, when it came up with me; and should have gone farther, had I not fancied a village which lay before me, to be the place where we were to breakfast, which I was by no means inclined

inclined to forego. This meal we have also several times varied, since we left Paris: tho' not from choice, I assure you, but necessity. Our appetite demands no niceties: sometimes we feast on *sauzeissons* or figs, sometimes on a cold fowl or pigeon; but on this rout from *Bordeaux*, we have been able to procure nothing but eggs, with which, however, and a bottle of wine, we have been very well contented. Could you but convey to us a chine of good English ox beef ready drest, at some of our morning *relais*, it might be a *mot-yeau de resistance* to the French, but believe me it would not be long so to us.

Yesterday

Yesterday we dined at *Chattellerault* ; where we had no sooner entered our *auberge*, than we were surrounded by a number of girls, who were very importunate to have us purchase a pair of scissars or a knife of them. I found this place was famous for cutlers, and for all sorts of works in polished steel, and iron. The workmen, like politic knaves, give their wares to be sold by their daughters, or some pretty females, who will take no refusal, but tempt you by smiles and entreaties, to purchase what you do not want.

The road by which we entered *Tours*, is one of the grandest I ever saw. It is

is of a prodigious breadth, with a pavement in the middle, and bordered on each side with large lofty trees. This city seems to cover a vast extent of ground : tho' it may not contain more inhabitants, than others that cover less, as numbers of the houses are built only one story high, and must consequently take up more of its surface. On the south side is a grand terras, which commands a valley, where the vineyards and pleasure-houses form a varied and beautiful prospect. Near this runs the *Cher*, which tho' not so fine as the *Loire*, is by no means a contemptible river. The city is situated
between

between the two, but is principally extended along the banks of the latter. There is a bridge just finished over the *Loire*, with which the vaunted *pont neuf* at Paris, cannot pretend to vie, either in simplicity or grandeur.

Here are some silk manufactures, which employ but an inconsiderable number of people: the *Tourangeaux* have the character of being a very idle and improvident race of beings. If they are, I suppose it may be owing to the profits arising from their work, not being sufficient to excite the lower class to industry: for, it is said, that an active diligent man here cannot earn

enough to maintain three children besides himself. The manufactures of many a town are ruined, by being conducted by avaricious narrow-minded men ; who cannot see that in employing a number of workmen, and giving them reasonable wages, they will not only prove themselves valuable members of community, but reap greater profit than that, which they meanly pocket, from curtailing the wages of a few. This I conclude to be the case with *Tours*, as they do not want markets for their stuffs, and have many workmen who are unemployed. I know myself some towns in England where

where the woollen manufacture is carried on ; where, notwithstanding the merchants might dispose of as many pieces as they would, and tho' the value of money is decreased, and the price of provisions encreased, the workman has not half the wages he had twenty years ago. In such towns many had rather turn beggars than work, since the pittance gained by either is nearly the same ; and the industrious weaver is obliged to turn his children, which he cannot maintain, over to the parish, and seek some place, where his labour is not so much undervalued. But as in little towns, the dishonest

profit, that is plucked from the wages of a few, and that arising from a generous hire of all, may not be very unequal; I fear, few will care much, about proving themselves valuable members of society, when they must run a greater risk in their capital, and take a little more trouble in superintending the one, than the other. I am satisfied that the fluctuations we see in the trade of towns, as well as their population or depopulation, oftentimes arise from this cause; and follow the conduct of generous or narrow-minded merchants. But I am got out of

of my depth, and had better return
as fast as I can.

The metropolitan church of *St. Gati-*
en is a grand building; and has a
clock, that describes the revolutions of
the heavenly bodies. I observed there
several tombs that were open; and
was told, that they were designed for
persons, who were yet living. Three
young gentlemen of this city agreed,
whenever they died, to be buried in
the same tomb, and caused a magnifi-
cent one to be made of white marble;
with distinct excavations for each cof-
fin: but they have since quarrelled,
and it now remains empty in one of
the

the niches, for those who choose to bespeak it. I did not remember to have seen any altars, so ornamented with waxen legs, arms, fingers, &c. as they are here. The custom is, when any one has broken his leg, or arm, or it may be, has a whitlow on his finger, or pain of the head, for the relations of that person to implore the assistance of the Saint to whom the altar is dedicated, and promise a waxen image of the part for its restoration. If the diseased dies, the expence is saved: but if he recovers, the Saint has wrought a miracle, and the votive representation

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is hung up, as a mark of gratitude, at the shrine.

To-morrow I hope to reach Orleans, from whence you will probably hear again from

Your &c. —

LETTER

LETTER XXIX.

Paris, July 31st, 1775.

ONCE more, my friend! you see we are in the metropolis of the French dominions: and arrived, after an elliptic ramble, at the same place, from which we started two months ago. To-morrow we shall set out for *Dieppe*: therefore when this letter reaches you, imagine me to be on English ground, and not many miles behind it. I do not take any accidents on the passage,

into

into my account. I am on very good terms, as far as I know, with old *Eolus*; and doubt not, to be conveyed safely to my native shores. But I have no time to lose; therefore let us take a trip, as fast as we can, by the banks of the Loire, along which, as yet, I have not led you.

Our journey from *Tours* to *Orleans*, was by far the most pleasant, and presented the eye with prospects more worthy attention, than any other we have taken in our whole rout. Well may the country of the Loire be called the garden of France: it is indeed a beautiful river, and seems to spread

fertility and plenty wherever it flows. I believe for twenty leagues we never lost sight of it, as its course is so direct, that the road, all the way, is extended along its banks. Sometimes indeed when we met a waggon on the road, we thought ourselves rather too near it: as there was nothing to prevent the coach from tumbling, on any eccentric motion of the horses, down a steep, into the water.

How often have I thought the want of population a thing to be deplored in France, when for leagues, I have not been able to see any human habitation, excepting a solitary abby, which I consider as worse

worse than none, by being inimical to the rise of villages, towns, and cities, Montesquieu, whom I have been reading to-day, says, that *la prohibition du divorce n'est pas la seule cause de la depopulation des pays chretiens : le grand nomb red'eunuques qu'ils ont parmi eux n'en est pas une moins considerable. Je parle des pretres, & des dervis, de l'un, & de l'autre sexe ; qui se vouent a une continence eternelle : c'est chez les chretiens, la vertu par excellence, en quoi je ne les comprends pas, ne scachant ce que c'est qu'une vertu, dont il ne resulte rien. Ce metier de continence a aneanti plus d'hommes, que les pestes, & les guerres,*

les plus sanglantes n'ont jamais fait. On voit, dans chaque maison religieuse, une famille éternelle; ou il ne naît personne, &c qui s'entretient aux dépens de toutes les autres. Ces maisons sont toujours ouvertes, comme autant de gouffres, où s'ensevelissent les races futures. I believe it is certain, that were it not for those eunuchs, as he calls the religieux; France would not have so many large tracts of uninhabited country. However this may be, that of the Loire by no means comes under the predicament, but is as well peopled as its fertility seems to allow it to be. Cities, towns, and villages, all croud around

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that

that desirable spot: and the fields were filled with labourers, that did not appear to force a churlish soil for scanty bread, but to reap the produce of richer and more generous pastures, than I have yet seen,

Remember here, that I am only comparing one part of France, with others of the same country; for believe me, this vaunted garden, these luxuriant pastures cannot, by any means, be put in competition with the banks of the Thames, and those of many other rivers in England. Prejudice! rank prejudices! this may be called—
I do not pretend to be free from it!

but

but yet think no Englishman can possess more than is to be found in every individual almost of this kingdom. I am not surprized to hear people assert that it is impossible any spot can exceed the banks of the Loire; 'tis but of a piece with the gasconades which few are inclined to combat, and many, with whom every thing out of their own country is wonderful, have approved by repetition. A proof of superiority of beauty either in the Thames, or Loire, cannot be deduced from syllogistic arguments: it is merely an opinion, which I cannot demonstrate to be a just one: but I have formed it
upon

upon seeing both, and it is therefore more probably so, than that of a Frenchman, who has only seen one. But I am wandering from the straight road to *Orleans*.

The Loire runs on a shining gravel, which makes its channel uncertain, by forming itself into ridges, and little islands, that have an appearance similar to those formed in other rivers by the flux and reflux of the tides. These are very numerous, and so near the surface of the water, that an unskilful pilot may run on them, and not be able to shove off his boat again, without great difficulty. The river is said
to

be well stocked with fish; and notwithstanding it flows through so many provinces and different soils to be perfectly limpid, and in every respect fit for use. Compared with the *Rhone* and *Garonne* the *Loire* is a pastoral stream; it has more beauty, but less dignity, and wild grandeur.

When we came to *Orleans*, we learnt that a criminal was to be broken alive at eleven o'clock that evening; and in our rambles through the streets, saw the scaffold, wheel, and preparations for the execution. The papers of the condemnation were sold as last dying speeches about the streets of London.

By

By one of these I learnt, that the poor wretch was convicted of belonging to a troop of thieves, that infested the forest of Orleans; and of conveying them provisions, arms, and necessaries. It was in this important deputation of providing for his companions that he was surprized, and taken. He had entered the city disguised as a peasant, and after he had executed his commission, might have rejoined them in safety, had he not taken it into his head to brave the police by committing a daring robbery, and encreasing the stores he meant to convey to them. But his unlucky star was in the zenith: for after

having robbed a house, and bound every person in it, he was seized as he was decamping with his booty. His sentence was to have the question ordinary, and extraordinary, in order to oblige him to discover the haunts of his comrades; and afterwards to have, as the sentence ran, *les bras, jambes, cuisses, Et reins rompus vifs sur un echafaud qui sera pour cet effet dressé sur la place du Martroi de cette ville ce fait mis sur une roue, la face tournée vers le ciel pour y rester jusque ce qu'il expire.*

After we had supped, and the time drew near when this tremendous sentence was to be executed, I walked out

out with a gentleman who had been our fellow-traveller from Bourdeaux, to see the procession of the criminal; and intended to return, as soon as the *Bourreau* was about to begin his office. My friend's imagination had already presented a picture to him sufficiently horrid: and as he had no inclination to heighten it with the reality, he staid at the auberge. The *place du Martroi* is a large square, capable of holding a vast concourse of people: however, I found it filled, tho' not thronged, with males, and females, not only of the vulgar class, for there were some who strutted in embroidery and silks. They

were walking in parties, as though they only came to enjoy the benefit of air, and exercise. I was quite surprized to see a multitude of young girls, whose delicate nerves, I should have imagined, would have been agitated at even the recital of human misery, flocking to see the exposition of it, as if they expected a *feu d'artifice*.

The scaffold if I might judge by the eye was about twenty feet square, and raised five above the ground. The stake that supported one corner of it appeared three feet above the boards, and had a common wheel of four feet dia-

diameter, fixed by the nave on it, as on its axis. We were examining this, when the *Bourreau* brought some ropes, and a triangular bar of iron, the instrument of terror. As soon as his torch was seen on the scaffold, the houses around were crouded at the windows, with spectators of all ranks, and denominations. Soon after came the guards on horseback; with the criminal in a cart. He was lifted out by the *Bourreau*, having nothing on but his shirt; and was attended by two monks with torches flaming in their hands. I then attempted to retire, but crouds were pressing on me behind, and

and I found it impossible, without danger of being trodden to death. The poor wretch who was to suffer, I judged to be about twenty-eight or thirty years of age. He did not wring his hands, nor show any marks of terror, and contrition, in tears, or cries: but looked round on the spectators, in a manner that has often, I am persuaded, been falsely attributed to unconcern, and a hardened heart. But if I might judge by his countenance, tho' he looked round, he looked at nothing: his thoughts were harrowed up, and that vacant horror which appeared in his eyes seemed to show that
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the faculties of the soul stood aloof from the body, even before the moment of their final separation.

When the executioner had brought him to the middle of the scaffold, he proceeded to strip his shirt from his arms down to his waist, and then to bind him to a cross, as it appeared to me. It was plain what effect the torture of the question extraordinary had had; as every joint was covered with blood, and he was incapable of walking. The question is not always the same; but by this I imagine that he had been stretched on a bed, till some of his veins and ligaments had burst.

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The monks now began to talk to him, and to repeat some prayers, and soon after turning from him began to sing, I suppose a hymn. All this time I found myself violently agitated, how I cannot describe; my sensations were such, as I never felt before. I accused myself of cruel curiosity, and whilst he was binding made another attempt to get at a distance, as I was close to the scaffold : but my companion told me, I could not pass the horse, and gave me a phial of *liqueur* to drink, which he had taken the precaution to put in his pocket. Immediately as the monks turned their backs, the Bourreau caught up the
bar,

and finished his dreadful office of breaking the limbs, in less than a minute, without a single shriek, from the poor criminal. The blows were as rapid as he could strike them, one on each leg, and each thigh, two on each arm, and two on the ribs. He then laid the mangled carcase on the wheel, which he brought forwards, and placed on the corner-stake, which I mentioned as raised above the scaffold. Here, with his assistants, he folded each limb, so that every fracture appeared; and bound him in the manner in which he was to be exposed. The monks after this began to talk to him again, and

what surprized me, was, that he turned his head, and seemed able to attend, and to answer. In this situation I thought, according to his sentence, he was to be left to linger, till he expired, from the anguish of his broken limbs; but the *Bourreau* had not yet shewn the compassionate part of his office: for soon after he brought a rope over the criminal's breast, and straining it, put in a minute a period to his life, and misery.

The morning that we left Orleans, we saw him exposed on the wheel, at the entrance of the forest, with seven or eight-and-twenty others, who had

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undergone the same punishment. This is an execution of which I never was before, nor ever will be again a spectator.

Adieu——

F I N I S.